

P O E M

ON THE

A C C E S S I O N OF THEIR

Royal Highnesses

THE

Prince and Princess of Orange

TO THE

Imperial Crown of ENGLAND;

Being a Paraphrase on the 45 P S A L M.

*My Heart is inditing (Lat.
Con eructavit) a good Matter.*

NO 'tis too big; I longer can't contain
Within my labouring Breast,
With the unwieldy Thought opprest,
The mighty Pleasure mixt with mighty Pain.

*My Heart's too narrow far to hold it there :
In such unequal Limits pent,
It searches round, and will have vent,
And means the open Air.*

*Thence it breaks, and thence it flies,
To my Lips, and to my Eyes;*

*My Harp shall play, my Lips shall sing,
Of Happy Salem's peaceful King.*

*I speak of the Things which I
have made, touching the King.
— My Tongue is the Pen of a rea-
dy Writer.*

*Nor do's my willing Tongue the Task refuse.
Away it runs as I wait as Wind:
Nor do's it flag behind my Muse;
Nor needs it stay fit Words to chuse,
But leaves almost, my beav'ry Thoughts behind.*

A

II. Fairer

II.

You art fairer than the Children of Men.

Graces are poured into thy Lips.

Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.

Gird thy Sword upon thy Thigh, O most mighty!

With thy Glory and thy Majesty.

And in thy Majesty ride Professing; because of Truth, and Mercy, and Righteousness.

And thy Right Hand shall teach thee terrible Things.

Thine Arrows are sharp in the Hearts of the Kings' Enemies, whereby the People fall under them.

Fairer than all the *Beauteous Pride*
That ever sprung from *Adams* side!
By those bright *Youths* out-shin'd alone,
Who ever Guard the *Eternal's Throne*.
Fair in those *Virtues* which thy *Mind* adorn;
Fairer than the rising *Morn*!
Prest of each Illustrious *Grace*;
Which in dazzling *Purple* shine,
(*Purple*, once *Royal*, now *Divine*.)
Around thy *Lips*, around thy *Face*!
Favourite of those *above*,
Of *Earth* the *Joy*, of *Heav'n* the *Love*.

III.

Arise Young *Hero*! from thy *Throne* arise!
Heav'n calls Thee out, and bids prepare
For a just, a needful *War*,
To scourge its *own*, and *Israel's* Enemies.
See the *Laurels* hanging high!
See the *Angels* stooping down
With a brighter *Starry Crown*,
And upward point to hov'ring *Victory*!
Gird thy *Sword* upon thy *Thigh*,
In all thy *Royal Glories* drest,
Thy Self the greatest and the best;
In all thy *Kingly Majesty*;
— See, with what a Pomp he goes!
How triumphantly do's ride,
Truth and *Mercy* by his side,
And *Justice* to confound his Foes?
Say! who can such a Force oppose?
Still such *Guards* wou'd *Princes* use,
None besides they need to chuse.

IV.

But since *Kings*, like *God*, must be
For *Justice*, not for *Mercy* fam'd alone;
Since *Wise* as well as *Good*,
Is a fit *Style* for *Majesty*:
And since the harden'd *Rebels* Blood
Still makes the strongest *Cement* for a *Throne*:
Learn, what thou well dost *Understand*,
Learn from thy own dread *Right-hand*;
Learn from thence to act such *Things*,
As become offend'd *Kings*.
— Yes: 'Tis done, already done:
For in vain they *fly* away;
Thy *Arrows* fly more swift than they:
Foe and *Thee* they cannot shun.
Through their faithless *Hearts* they glide;
Down they fall and bite the *Ground*,
Down they fall with all their *Pride*:
Scattering *imperf* *Curses* round.
Vainly they *curse* as they did *flee*:
Vainly they *curse* their *Fate* and *Thee*.
Both alike their *Curses* find:
Loose, and Weak, and Short, and Dead,
Long before they reach thy *Head*,
And scatter'd into *Wind*.

V. For

Thy Throne is for ever and ever.
The Scepter of thy Kingdom is a
right Scepter. Thou knowest Righte-
ousness and hatest Wickedness.

Therefore God, even thy God,
hath anointed thee with the Oyl
of Gladness above thy Fellowes.

All thy Garments smell of
Myrrh, Aloes and Cassia, out of
the Ivory Palaces whereby they
have made thee glad.

Kings Daughters were among
thy Honourable Women. Upon thy
right Hand did stand the Queen,
in Gold of Oplur.

Harken, O Daughter, and con-
sider! Incline thine Ear! forger
also thine own People and thy
Fathers House!

So shall the King greatly desire
thy Beauty.

For he is thy Lord, and Wor-
ship thou him.

And the Daughter of Tyre
shall be there with a Gift.

The Rich among the People shall
intreat thy Favour.

For ever shall thy Righful Throne endure!
Thy Righful Scepter now for evet is secure.
Thy Throne on Justice firmly fixt;
A Basis ne're can fail or fade,
VVith guileful Arts unmixt.
By Inclination, not by Interest, Just,
Thou Fraud and VVrong dost hate,
And he who knows thy Heart, who is thy Trust
VVho do's secure thy State;
VVith Holy Oyl he do's thy Temples Crown,
Nor must Sauls Vial thy low Measure be;
For in the largest Quantity,
It thence on all thy Royal Robes flowes gently down:
Thy Royal Robes whence gladsom Odors flow,
VWhence Showrs of precious Pearls distill,
VWhen from thy VVardrobe thou dost go,
Like trickling fragnant Dew from Hermans fruitful Hill.

Ev'n haughty Princess do not Scorn,
(Honour enough, enough of State,)
Their Daughters shold thy Courts adori
On thee, and on thy Queen to wait:
Thy Queen, arrayd in Gold, less bright,
She makes not, but she lends it light.
O Egypt Glory once! now Salems Pride!
Incline thy Royal Bar!
Thy faithful supplicants hear,
And every little weaknes cast aside!
Let no fond Thoughts for Egypt still remain!
Let Pharaoh and all his Gods forgotten be!
What is he now to Thee?
Forget 'em all, and break the servile Chain!
So shall thy Royal Lord become thy Slave:
And ty'd in Loves soft Bands
Wrought by the Eyes and Hands,
No other Freedoms ever wish to have.
Thy Royal Lord; for thou dost know
What Reverence is his due;
And since he yields so much to you,
How much, much more to him thou still must owe.

So Tyres proud Daughter soon shall hasten o're
Pleas'd in thy Courts to find a room
With the best Trophies of her Noble Loom,
With all the unval'd purple from her plunder'd shore;
And bumbly kneel, and bumbly greet,
And cast it at thy Feet.
Whilst other Gifts thy wealthy Subjects bring,
Worthy the Confort of a King:
These from Gilead, Balm divine;
Spices these, were fit to burn
In the Arabian Wonders Urn:
These the rich Engedot's Wine.
Thus they thy favour shall entreat,
And court thy smiles to make 'em Great.

VIII.

The Kings Daughter is all glorious within. Her clothing is of wrought Gold.

She shall be brought to the King in Rayments of Needle-Work: The Virgins her Companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.

With Gladness, and rejoicing shall they be brought. They shall enter into the Kings Palace.

Instead of thy Fathers shall be thy Children.

Whom thou mayst make Princes in all the Earth.

I will make thy name to be remember'd in all Generations: Therefore shall the People praise thee for ever and ever.

Tis not, alas! the *Gold* lefs bright
Which *gives* not, but *receives* thy *Light*:
That makes Great *Pharoahs* Daughter shine:
Thy better *Glories* are *unseen*,
And modestly with-draw *within*:
That must be *invisible* which is *divine*.
Those fair *Virtues* ay *possess*'t
(Proud of such a Spicy Nest,)
Of thy *white* Soul, and scarce lefs *beauteous* Breast.
Say! what *Robes* shall we prepare
For *Solomons Queen*, and *Pharoahs Heir*?
The needles all their *Art* shall try,
And thy daughters, *Salem!* vy
With the rich *Embroidery*
Of the *Fields*, and of the *Sky*.
A Crowd of *Virgins*, Chast, as Fair,
Beauties all, were the not there
Her long-long *Pomp* in decent Order bear.
Unknown Gladnes shall arise,
And around our *Faces* play,
Shine thro' all our *Hearts*, and *Eyes*,
And never more away.
Where e're they come new *Conquests* these shall make,
And all our *Palaces* shall take:
Ah! who *wou'd* not, *must* not yield
When such *Beauty* takes the *Field*?

IX.

O *Egypt's Glory* once! look back no more
To headlong *Niles* uncertain Shore!
To *Shilo's* softer Waters now
Thy *Ears*, and *Inclinations* bow!
Let *Pharaoh* and all his *Gods* forgotten be!
While thy glad *Subjects* wish and pray
For such as long may *Israels* Scepter sway,
And for a long-long *Race* of happy *Kings* from Thee;
Who thro' the *World* may bear their *Parents Name*,
Heirs of their *Vertues*, and their *Throne*,
And sharers in their *Fame*,
Their *Victories* to utmost *Ind*, and distant *Ganges* known:
Thro' all their far out-stretched Line
Whilst grateful *Israel* shall thy *Glories* raise
On lofty *Pyramids* of praise,
Thou in their *Fame* shalt share, as they in thine.
And, if a *Verse* Eternity can give
Thou in my *Verse* as in their *Fame* shalt ever live.

F I N I S.